

MUSIC.
BY MISS JULIA A. WALLACE.
It hath a charm
The heart to warm,
When from the earth away
It rises each thought,
Two finely wrought
For communing with clay.

O, Music, had its birth in heaven,
Around the eternal throne,
Thou' to our dim and distant world
Its echoes hither have flown.
The morning stars together sung,
To hail the new-born song,
And seraph voices raised the song
That told a Saviour's birth.

'Tis said you golden orb, that burns
Like lamps of living fire,
Are keys of heaven's melody,
Strings of the eternal lyre.
Then, 'tis your harmony attends
The motion of the spheres,
How grand the eternal symphony
That greets immortal ears.

O, Music, 'tis the breath of joy,
The spirit tone of love,
And every note that's breathed on earth
Tells of its home above.
It sweeps across the troubled breast,
And whispers, "Peace, be still."
It plays around a tuneful soul;
There's a rapture in the thrill!

It brings up thoughts long buried deep
'Neath the cold life of years;
Unlocks the holiest sympathies;
Calls forth the purest tears:
To manhood's ear it brings the tone
That warbled childhood's hymn,
Long e'er upon the memory staid
A mother's name grew dim.

The wanderer on a foreign shore
Hears some remembrance strain—
It breathes of friends, of love, of home,
And he is there again.
How sweet the spell that time can charm
Amid so dark an hour!
How glad that heart, if one there is,
That feels not music's power.

Long, long on fair Italia's shore
A vigil it hath kept,
While Freedom, Art and Eloquence
In pulsing slumber slept.
It seems a spirit of the past
Still lingering o'er that land,
To sigh where poet's ashes rest,
And warren's marbles stand.

It melts upon the gales of France,
Smiles with Spanish rills,
Flows wild on Erin's emerald shore,
And Scotland's storied hills;
And when, to aid devotion's power,
It fills the sacred tune,
Who hath not thought of angel bands
Within their holy home?

O, sweet the hallowed anthem, when
Reverent tears are shed;
And sweet the plaintive requiem
That's breathed above the dead;
'Tis then to music's thrilling strain
Unwearied power is given,
And mid each pause we seem to hear
The harmonies of heaven.
As if the parted soul we mourn
Had joined some angel choir,
Had lingered still where earth might catch
A seraph's song of fire.

Spirit of harmony, awake!
And blow the enraptured air;
Sure, those who hope celestial harp
Should breathe a prelude here.
Earth hath no freer air than ours
To learn melodious lays,
And every breeze that leaves our island
Should waft a hymn of praise.

BOTH SIDES.
A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gaily dressed wife by his side,
In satin and lace she looked like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.
A woad sawyer stood on the street as they passed,
The carriage and couple he eyed,
And said, as he worked with his saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife—
"One thing I would give if I could—
I'd give all my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man who saweth the wood."
A pretty young maid, with a bundle of work,
Whose face as the morning was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked on the carriage—the lady she saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said in a whisper, "I wish from my heart
Those satins and laces were mine."
The lady looked out to the maid with her work,
So fair in her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish possessions and wealth,
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus in this world, whatever our lot,
Our minds and our hearts we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.
We welcome the pleasure for which we have
eighed,
The heart has a void in it still,
Growing deeper and wider the longer we live,
That nothing but Heaven can fill.

NEARER.
Goes slowly solemn thought
Close to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I've ever been before.
Nearer my father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the Jasper sea;
Nearer that bound of life
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving forever my cross,
And wearing forever my crown.

ON THE GEORGES.—Lander condens-
es Thackeray's lectures into a thimble:
George the First was reckoned vile;
Vicer George the Second;
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third?
When from earth the Fourth ascended,
God be praised, the Georges ended!

A letter passed through the Tap-
pahannock post office the other day, ad-
dressed to a person out west, with the
title, "Attorney at law and the very
devil at blott!"

[From Peterson's Magazine.]
JOHN CLARKE AND HIS FORTUNE.
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Never mind the house, John, we've
got one of our own," whispered John
Clarke's wife.

She was a rosy little thing, only twenty-
two summers old. How brightly and be-
witchingly she shone—a star amid the
sombre company.

"But what in the world has he left me?"
muttered John Clarke. "I believe he has
left me—I believe they all hate me."
"Hush, dear!"

"I bequeath to John Clarke, my dear-
ly beloved nephew," read the grim attor-
ney, as a reward for his firmness in re-
sisting temptations the last two years, and
his determination to improve in all ac-
ceptable things, my one-horse shay, which
has stood in my barn over twenty-five
years, requesting that he shall repair it,
or cause it to be repaired in a suitable
manner."

That was all. Some of the people
gathered there tittered, all seemed to en-
joy the confusion of the young man. His
eyes flashed fire, he trembled excessively;
poor little Jenny fairly cried.

"To think," she said to herself, "how
hard he has tried to be good, and that is
all he has thought of!"

"Wish you joy," said a red-headed
youth with a grin, as he came out of the
room.

John sprang up to collar the fellow,
but a little white hand on his coat sleeve
restrained him.

"Let them triumph, John, it won't hurt
you," said Jenny, with her sunny smile;
"please don't notice them for my sake."

"Served him right," said Susan Spriggs,
the niece of the old man just dead, and
to whom he had left all his silver, "served
him right for marrying that ignorant
goose, Jenny Brazier. I suppose he cal-
culated a good deal on the old gentle-
man's generosity." To which she added,
in a whisper that only her own heart
heard, "He might have married me. He
had the chance, and I loved him better
than any one else—better than that pret-
ty little fool, Jenny Brazier."

"Now we shall see how deep his good-
ness is," said a maiden aunt, through her
nose; "he stopped short in wickedness
just because he expected a fortune from
my poor, dear brother. Thanks to mis-
sage that he left me five hundred dollars.
Now I can get that new carpet; but we'll
see how much of a change there is in
John Clarke—he always was an imp of
wickedness."

"Well, I guess John Clarke'll have to
be contented with his little ten feet shan-
ty," said the father of Susan Spriggs to
good old Deacon Joe Hemp.

"Well, I reckon he is content—if he ain't
he ought to be, with that little jewel of a
wife, she's bright enough to make any
four walls shine," was the deacon's reply.

"Pshaw! you're all crazy about that
gal. Why she ain't to be compared to
my Susan. Susan plays on the forty-pi-
ano like sixty, and manages a house first
rate."

"Bless you, neighbor Spriggs, I'd rather
have that innocent, blooming face, to
smile at me when I waked up of morn-
ings, than all the forty-piano gals you can
scare up 'tween here and the Indies—
fact!"

"I'd like to know what you mean!" ex-
claimed Mr. Spriggs, firing up.

"Just what I say," replied good old
Deacon Joe, coolly.

"Well, that John Clarke'll die on the
gallows yet, mark my words," said Mr.
Spriggs, spitefully.

"That John Clarke will make one of
our best citizens, and go to the legislature
yet," replied old Deacon Joe, complacently.

"Doubt it!"

"Yes, may be you do, and that's a pret-
ty way to build up a young fellow, isn't
it, when he's trying his best. No, John
Clarke won't be a good citizen, if you can
help it. People that get 'mad dog' ar-
rested willin' to stone the critter while he's
running, I take it; and if he ain't
mad they're sure to drive him so. Why
don't you step up to him and say, 'John,
I'm glad you're right now, and I've got
faith in you, and if you want any help,
why come to me and I'll put you through.'
That's the way to do business, Mr.
Spriggs."

"Well, I hope you'll do it, that's all,"
replied Mr. Spriggs, sulkily.

"I hope I shall, and I'm bound to, any-
way, if I have a chance. Fact is, he's
got such a smart little wife that he don't
really need any help."

"No—it's a pity then that brother Jac-
ob left him that one horse shay."

"You needn't laugh at that; old Jacob
never did nothing without a meaning to
it. That old shay may help him to be a
great man yet. Fact is, I think myself
if Jacob had left him money it might
have been the ruin of him. Less things than
a one horse shay has made a man's
fortune."

"Well, I'm glad you think so much of
him; I don't."

"No," muttered Deacon Joe, as his
neighbor turned away, "but if he had
married your raw-boned darter that plays

on the forty-piano, he'd been all right,
and no mistake."

"A one horse shay!" said the minister,
laughing; "what a fortune!"

And so it went from mouth to mouth.
None of the relatives—some already
rich—had offered the poorest man among
them—the owner of the one horse shay
—a dollar of the bequeathment left to
him or to her; but they had rather re-
joiced in his disappointment.

The truth is, everybody had prophe-
sied that John Clarke, a poor, motherless
boy, would come to ruin, and they want-
ed the prophecy to prove a true one. He
had, in his youth, been wild and wayward,
and somewhat profligate in the early years
of manhood; but his old uncle had en-
couraged him to reform—held out hopes
to which he had hitherto been a stranger,
and the love of the sweet young Jenny
Brazier completed, as it seemed, his re-
formation.

Jenny never appeared so lovely as she
did on that unfortunate day of the read-
ing of the will, after they had returned
to the poor little house that was Jenny's
own.

"No matter, John," she said cheerfully,
"you will rise in spite of them. I would
not let them think I was in the least dis-
couraged, that will only please them too
well. We are doing nicely now, and you
know if they do cut the railroad through
our bit of land, the money will set us up
quite comfortably; isn't our home a hap-
py one, if it is small? And O! John, by
and bye."

An eloquent blush—a glance towards
her work-basket, out of which peeped
the most delicate needlework, told the
story—that ever new story of innocence,
beauty and helplessness, that bring cares
akin to angel's work.

For once, John Clarke stopped the
gossip's mouth. He held his head up
manfully—worked steadily at his trade,
and every step seemed a sure advance,
and an upward one.

Baby was just six months old when
the corporation paid into John Clarke's
hand the sum of six hundred dollars for
the privilege of laying a track through
his one little field.

"A handsome baby, a beautiful and in-
dustrious wife, and six hundred dollars,"
thought John, with an honest exultation,
"well, this is living!"

"John," said his wife, rising from her
work, "look out."

He did, and saw the old one horse
shay dragged by a stalwart negro.

"Massa says as how the old barn is
gwine to be pulled down, so he sent your
shay," said the African.

"Thank him for nothing," said John,
bitterly; but a glance at his wife re-
moved the evil spirit, and a better one smiled
out of his eyes.

"John, you can spare a little money
now to have the old shay fixed up, can't
you? You ought to, according to the
will," said Jenny.

"The old trash!" muttered John.

"But you could at least sell it for what
the repairs would cost," said Jenny, in her
winning way.

"Yes, I suppose I could."

"Then I'd have it done, and bless me
I'd keep it, too. You've got a good horse,
and can have the old shay made quite
stylish for baby and me to ride in. Shan't
we shine?"

"Well, I'll send it over to Hosmer's to-
morrow, and see what he will do for it."

"Look here! Mr. Hosmer wants you
to come right over to the shop!" shouted
the carriage-maker's apprentice, at the
top of his voice; "old Deacon Joe's there,
an' says he's right down glad—golly, it's
hundreds, and hundreds, and hundreds,
and hun—"

"Stop, boy! what in the world does he
mean, Jenny?" cried John Clarke, put-
ting the baby in the cradle face down-
wards.

"My patience! John, look at that child
—precious darling! I'm sure I don't
know John; I'd go right over and see,"
said Jenny, by snatches righting the ba-
by, it's his fun, I suppose."

"Taint any fun, I tell ye," said the
boy, while John hurried on his coat and
hat; "my gracious! I guess you'll say it
ain't fun when you come to see them 'ere
gold things and the bills."

This added wings to John Clarke's
speed, and in a moment he stood breath-
less in the old coachmaker's shop.

"Wish you joy, my fine feller!" cried
Deacon Joe.

"Look here—what'll you take for that
shay? I'll give you four thousand dol-
lars," cried the coachmaker in great
glee.

"Four thousand?" cried John, aghast.
"Yes, just look at it! You're a rich
man, sir, and by George I'm glad of it;
you deserve to be."

The carriage-maker shook his head
heartily.

What do you suppose were the conster-
nation, delight, gratitude—the wild, wild
joy that filled the heart of Clarke, when
he found the old shay filled with gold
and bank bills? I mean the cushions,
the linings, and every place where they
could be placed without danger or injury
—thieves never would have condescend-
ed to the one horse shay.

Five thousand five hundred dollars in

all! Poor John! or rather, rich John!
his head was nearly turned. It required
all the balance of Jenny's nice equipage
of character to keep his ecstatic brain
from spinning like a humming-top. Now
he could build two houses like the one
his uncle had bequeathed to his red-head-
ed cousin, who had wished him joy when
the will was read—the dear old uncle!
What genuine sorrow he felt as he thought
of the many times he had heaped re-
proaches upon his memory.

Imagine, if you can, dear reader, the
peculiar feelings of those kind friends
who had prophesied that John Clarke
would come to grief. At first, Deacon
Joe proposed to take the old shay just as
it was—linings stripped, bits of cloth
hanging—and upon a tin trumpet pro-
claim the tidings to the whole town, taking
special pains to stop before the house of
Mr. Spriggs, and blowing loud enough
to drown all the forty-pianos in the uni-
verse; but that was vetoed by John's
kind little wife.

"They'll know of it soon enough," she
said, kissing the baby; "I wouldn't hurt
their feelings."

They did know of it, and a few years
after, when John Clarke lived in a big
house they all voted for him to go to the
"legislature." So much for the old one
horse shay.

MILL OWNERS, ATTEND.
J. D. CHASE & SONS,
PRACTICAL
Machinists, Millwrights and Iron
Founders.

WEST CONCORD, VERMONT.
ARE now manufacturing to order and keep
constantly on hand viz:—A new and im-
proved saw of Iron Water Wheel of various
sizes from 24 to 72 inches, warranted to run
perfectly well under back water and will not freeze.
Also Circular, Board Mills of various sizes, and
planing machines, of various sizes, and
board and shingle machines of different kinds
and sizes. Cylinder planers, vertical, side and
clapboard planers. Matching, boring, mortising
and tenoning machines. Wood turning lathes of
various kinds and sizes. Fall and tub makers
lathes and machines complete. A new and im-
proved snuff machine and cracker corn. Port-
able and stationary steam engines, of various
sizes, and all kinds of machinery, and
machines. Shafting and pulleys and saw
arrows with independent balance and longer and
longer. Large box-stoves of various sizes. Also,
repairs and job work of all kinds done at short
notice. Also, make surveys for dams and mill
sites, and construct lumber mills, grist mills, and
saw mills complete. Also, dealers in Burr
mill stones, iron and steel castings, cast-iron
pipes, and all kinds of machinery, and
machines. This making a great saving to consum-
ers by purchasing of us. Circulars, or im-
formation, giving a particular description of any
of the above articles sent gratis on application, by
mail, and all orders by mail or otherwise will be
promptly attended to. Purchasers will do well
to acquire of us at least before purchasing.
West Concord, Jan. 14, 1858.

"From the Albany advertising Agency
of Firth & Walker, 75 State Street."

SEWING MACHINES,
AT THE FOLLOWING
Reduced Prices:

FAMILY SEWING MACHINE, complete \$50.00
No. 1 STANDARD " " 110.00
No. 2 IMPERIAL Sewing Machine, com-
plete, for Heavy Leather Work, 125.00
No. 3 STANDARD Sewing Machine, com-
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No. 4 IMPERIAL Sewing Machine, com-
plete, for Carriage and Harness
Work 140.00

AND ALL OTHER STYLES AT A SIMILAR
REDUCTION.

The above Prices include IRON STANDS,
and everything necessary to the working of the
MACHINE.

Branch Office, No. 564 Broadway,
OPPOSITE THE DELAWARE HOUSE,
ALBANY, N. Y.

I. M. SINGER & CO., Proprietors.
J. C. YOUNG, Agent.

**NEW
CARRIAGE SHOP!**

ROBERT S. ORNE has just commenced the
carriage and sleigh making business in this
village, in the building formerly occupied as the
Standard printing office, where he purposes doing
all work in his line that may be offered him.
Repairs done to order in good style, and as
cheap as any other establishment. He will do all
other work usually done in a carriage shop. He
will also sign and carriage painting.
Picture frames of all sizes constantly kept on
hand.
He will always be found at his shop, night
and day.
Irishburgh, Sept. 1, 1858.

GREAT CLOSING OFF SALE.
\$10,000

WORTH of Dry Goods to be sold in 30
days at the Wholesale Sale and Retail D.
Goods Store, Barton, Vt., Consisting of
Boiled Black Silks Lyons Silk Velvet and
Fringes for Capes, Ladies and Gents, Broad
Cloths, Cloths for Men and Boys, Ribbons,
Linen, Cottons, Delaines, Prints,
Flannels, Cottons, Linens, White Goods and
Mourning Goods, a large assortment.

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Flannels, Cottons, Linens, White Goods and
Mourning Goods, a large assortment.

SHAWLS.

Cashmere Shawls, Wool Shawls, long and
square, Rich Plaid, and French Dress Patterns,
those keeping goods of every description, and
many other kinds of goods to numerous men-
tion, all to be sold in 30 days, at such prices
as was never before offered in this County. We
will name a few prices which will be sufficient to
show the enormous sacrifice we shall make in
order to close off every article in 30 days.
Black Silks, \$1.25 worth \$1.75
Fancy Silks, 62—87 1-2 " 1.00—1.25
Flannels, 12 1-2 " 1.25
Silk Velvet, 7.50 " 10.00
Broad Cloth, 2.25—3.50 " 3.50—5.00
Cashmere Shawls, 7.00—10.00 " 12.00—15.00
Wool Shawls from \$5.00 to \$7.00
Prints, 12 1-2 " 20
Delaines, " 7 " 10
All our cottons at whole sale cash prices, and
every other article in our store will be sold at
the same unparalleled bargains. All are selected
to call and share in the great bargains during
this great sale.
Barton, Jan. 1st 1858. J. H. EMERSON.

ORLEANS PROBATE DISTRICT.

Probate Court will be held at the Pro-
bate Office in Irishburgh on Thursdays
each week for the year ensuing.
M. CARPENTER, Judge.

Sash and Doors.

SASH AND DOORS for sale at my shop in
Barton, from the St. Johnsbury Saw and
Door Shop at very low prices for cash, and the
best workmanship warranted. All orders fur-
nished on short notice.
Barton, Oct. 4, 1858. S. W. COURIER.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL STORE

—IN—
BARTON VILLAGE.

In Mansfield's Building
(Adjoining the Bagdon Hotel.)

M. S. Southworth & Co.,
Have now on hand and offer for sale at their
store in Barton Village, a large assortment of

W. I. GOODS & GROCERIES.
Consisting in part as follows, viz:

50 Chests of Young Hyson Tea extra flavor,
20 Chests Young Hyson, Fine,
25 Chests Extra Oolong,

2500 lbs. Old Government Java Rio and St.
Domingo Coffee,
50 bbls. Sugar, various grades and qualities,
25 Boxes Cavendish Tobacco,

25 Boxes do. Knickerbocker, a very superior
article,
10 Boxes do., Sheep,
200 Boxes ground Spices,
25 Boxes Pearl Starch,

50 Boxes Cream Tartar,
50 Boxes and 8 Casks Saleratus,
100 Whole and half Boxes Raisins,
100 Boxes Extra and No. 1 Soap,

20 Boxes P. D. Pipes,
200 Reams Wrapping Paper,
10 Pieces Rice,
20 Casks Super Corb Soda,

50 Dozen Brooms,
300 Kegs Nails, assorted sizes,
20 Dozen Cast Steel Shovels,
20 Barrels Burning Fluid,

25 Barrels Extra Winter Lard and Whale
Oil,
25 Barrels Molasses and Sirups,

100 QUINTALS DRY FISH,
100 KITS MACKEREL,
20 CASKS LINSEED OIL,
Twenty Tons

GROUND PLASTER,
100 Kegs Pure
WHITE LEAD,
AND
FRENCH ZINC,
PAINTS

IN VARIETY AND ABUNDANCE,
100 Boxes German
WINDOW GLASS,
Putty, Whiting, Dye Woods, Chemicals, &c.

50,000
CUBA & AMERICAN CIGARS.
Turk's Island, Liverpool and fine

DAIRY SALT,
PAILS, TUBS,
CORDAGE, BLACKING,
YEAST CAKES,
STATIONERY, &c., &c.

IRON AND STEEL,
500 Barrels Flour,
from Fine to Double Extra; also in our

FURNITURE ROOMS,
(up stairs),
Sofas and Chairs
COTTAGE AND COMMON BEDSTEDS.

Dry Sinks, Chamber Sets,
MATRASSES, TEOPOIS,
Extension, Center, Parlor and

KITCHEN TABLES,
LIGHT STANDS
and Toilet Tables, Hat Stands, Wood and Case

Seat and Office Chairs, Bookers, a variety
of Settees and Settees-Grades, beside a
variety of useful and necessary arti-
cles too numerous to mention.
To buyers, for

CASH OR SHORT CREDIT,
every inducement will be offered.

COFFINS.
Ready Made Coffins of all kinds and sizes, both
Plain and Fancy always on hand, or can be made
to order at short notice.

M. S. SOUTHWORTH & Co.
Barton, February, 1858.

TUCKER & GROUT,
Att'ys and Counsellors at Law,
BARTON, VERMONT.

WM. G. BATES,
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J. C. BUSWELL,
PENSION & BOUNTY LAND AGENT,
BARTON, VT.

Cash paid for Land Warrants. All War-
rants issued after the death of the applicant, which
have been considered worthless, are bought by
me.

C. W. SCOTT, M. D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
IRASHBURGH, VT.

Office over Worthington's Store.
CARPENTER & STEELE,
HOMOEOPATHIC
PHYSICIAN & SURGEONS.
DERBY, VT.

Office at the residence of H. H. Carpenter.
East Street, Barton, Vt.
H. H. CARPENTER, M. D., J. A. STEELE, M. D.

J. M. VEZEY,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
COVENTRY, VT.

Is ready to do all work in his line in a durable
and fashionable style.
Two or three girls wanted at this shop as
apprentices. Those wishing to avail themselves
of this opportunity would do well to apply soon.
Coventry, Aug. 20, 1858.